

The GIRL of MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the Count and Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her hat, a duplicate of which she says has been delivered at Harry's house. She is in great fear lest her husband hear of her escapade. Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the count is hidden in one room and Mrs. Blazes in another. Harry is forced to do some fancy lying to keep Lucy from discovering the presence of the woman. The milliner, Daphne Daffington, who proves to be an old flame of Harry's, arrives to trace the missing duplicate hat and more complications ensue. Daphne is hustled into the room occupied by the Count. The latter, with whom Daphne had flirted at one time, demands the return of a ring he had given her on that occasion. She tells him that she gave the ring to General Blazes. As the Count had also given Mrs. Blazes a duplicate of the ring he becomes somewhat excited. Daphne leaves the room and seeks refuge in the one occupied by Mrs. Blazes. Mr. Medders discovers the Count, who is introduced as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives and accuses Harry of concealing his wife. Daphne steps out and the general is dumfounded. Lucy gives way to tears.

CHAPTER IX.

The group stood in a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Lucy and Carolyn, while the heavy tramp of General Blazes died away in his slamming of the outer door.

Harry shook his head doubtfully, as the Count continued to assure him in dumb show that he could clear things up for him.

"Come, daughter," Mr. Medders said, "these must quiet thyself. Then we will go home."

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to explain?" Harry asked.

"Explain!" Carolyn blazed forth, looking up at them with her eyes red and her cheeks stained with tears. "Explain! How can you explain? Oh, dear! I never should have gone away to school. I should have stayed at home and done my duty by my brother."

"Nonsense, Carolyn," Harry reproved her. "You simply make things look worse for me by such talk as that."

"How could they be any worse for you?" Carolyn demanded. "Oh, men are wretches! I suppose they are all alike. I thought I could trust my own brother. I—I even doubt—Pigeon, now!"

The Count smiled grimly at Harry and shrugged his shoulders. Harry looked at him in mute appeal, as though asking him to come to the front now with his plan of squaring things. But the Count was a man of experience. For all his flippancy and gaiety, he was man of experience enough to know that when you are going to defend anything or any position which is being attacked you are better off if you wait until the attacking party has exhausted its ammunition and arguments.

So he bided his time, while Carolyn gradually relieved her mind by means of tears and recriminations, and while Lucy, who was completely mystified, but who felt that something was tremendously wrong, slowly arrived at a state of calm on the haven of her father's shoulder.

Shrewd old Amos Medders, being by birth and training a patient man, said nothing beyond a few soothing words to Lucy. He had concluded to end their visit and take her home, yet he was a fair man and he would give Harry a chance to come from under the cloud, if he could.

"Well, Carolyn," Harry said at last. "If you have finished all you have to say, we will get at the real truth of the matter. Count von Fitz, I think, can tell us something that will at least interest us."

The Count straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath. He twisted his mustache thoughtfully, and then flicked an imaginary piece of dust from his lapel.

"If you will all sit down," he observed, "I can talk better. Dare I say no occasion for weepings, nor for attacking Mr. Swifton. If anybody shall be attacked, it is me, for vat has happened, and vat may yet happen, is my fault."

Carolyn resumed her seat, Lucy, with a wondering expression, took a chair, and Mr. Medders, nodding gravely, also sat down. Harry lounged on a settee, and carelessly chewed an unlit cigar.

"It is like dis," the Count said, as though addressing a jury. "In life dare I say many things vich seem impossible of explanation, but vich ven we know vat dey are, do not mean so much."

Mr. Medders bowed assent and Harry looked at the Count with considerable admiration for his self-possession and his control of the situation.

"You haff seen somding," the Count continued, "vich excites natural suspicion and distrust. Ve haff all seen dis. Und, as usual, ven suspicion is aroused, id iss like a swarm of bees—it lighds varever id pleases. Und also somebody geds stung."

He chuckled to himself, but his chuckle did not raise an echo.

"Id would be easy for me," he said, "to allow you to continue mit der impressions you haff received. But I cannot allow it. Efen at der expense of a wrong impression of myself, I must giff you my explanation—vich you can believe or not believe, as you like. Mr. Swifton iss a man dot you know—a man you vill always know throughout his life. Me—I am a stranger. I haff been teaching Mr. Swifton some Cherman—but I resign now as his tutor."

"No, no! I won't have that!" Harry bluffed.

"Unless you accept my resignation, I cannot say vat I vish to say," the Count decided.

Accepting Harry's silence as a confirmation of the alleged resignation, he went, checking off his points as he made them, upon his fingers.

"First, vat do we haff? Ve haff Cheneral Blazes coming here in a great rage, saying his wife is here. He iss assured dot she iss not, and he goes away."

"Verily, I told him she had not been here. I saw not her nor any other woman—not even that one who—"

Lucy's father patted her hand and

Lucy and Carolyn looked at each other triumphantly. Here was a ray of hope for Harry, after all.

"But," the Count went on, "I must beg you not to suspect me as you do Mr. Swifton. I know you vill not, for peebles do not giff such violent suspicion to strangers as dey do to their own kind. I vill tell you how dis voman happens to be in dot room. I sent her here dare!"

"You did!" Carolyn exclaimed. "Why, I thought Harry—"

"Off course, Miss Swifton," the Count interrupted her. "Ve would always giff der benefit off der doubt to any von but our own folks. Is it not so? Now, vy did I sent her dare? She comes here to see about a hat she has sent to a wrong address. I recognize in her a lady mit whom I haff flirted. You see, I do not hesitate to acknowledge dot I haff flirted. Vy should I? I am in dis country for dot purpose. Ladies flirt mit me—a gallant chentleman vill at least be polite enough to respond. Beauty vas offer a weakness mit me. So I meet dis lady here—dis milliner. I engage her in conversations. Ve hear some von coming. She cannot get oud. I tell her to hide in dot room a moment. She hides. But dare is no chance for her to get oud. Und at last, ven it seems dot dare vill be a chance, der explosion comes—and you know der rest."

The Count removed his eyeglass and swung it nonchalantly by its cord. He awaited the verdict. He did not look at Harry at all. Smilingly, he studied the wall.

"Dost thee realize that thee has endangered the name of this woman?" Medders asked, in quiet tones.

"Not so," the Count defended himself. "I vas protecting it. Der Cheneral, und all der rest off you, by making her come out—you put her in danger."

"Well," Harry said, after seeming to think the matter over very seriously, "I confess that I am surprised by what you have told us. But I think

still have a faint suspicion of me—but I can clear that up readily enough."

"I've got more than a faint one," Carolyn told him.

"Oh, well, I don't have to explain everything to you, sis," Harry said, easily. "But arguments are bad on an empty stomach. I happen to know that there's to be a pretty good dinner tonight, so we'll all get ready and eat it."

"You vill excuse me," the Count said. "I must—"

"No, sir!" Harry said, heartily. "I want you to show the folks that you're not half as black as you have painted yourself."

CHAPTER X.

It was a quiet dinner they ate that evening. After much persuasion, the Count had remained. But even his stumbling attempts at witty sallies brought few smiles.

Harry had succeeded in quieting Carolyn's alarms, and she in turn had given her own version of matters to Lucy. And a long talk Harry had with Mr. Medders had helped. Harry would not tell Medders the inside facts, but he told him that later he would make everything plain. At this time, he said, to disclose everything would be to tarnish a woman's name—and Medders partly understood. The good old man was fond of Harry. And he had lived long enough to know that appearances were often deceitful. He was willing to give Harry the benefit of the doubt.

But it was a quiet dinner. After they had left the table Harry succeeded in getting Lucy to come and talk with him in the reception room, and there he begged her to be patient until he felt that the time had arrived for him to make a clean breast of everything to her. At last he coaxed back the smiles to her face, but only after giving his word of honor that so far as he was concerned, the presence of Daphne in his house was not a reflection upon him.

Meanwhile the Count, endeavoring to keep his promise to get Harry out of the scrape, slipped out into the lawn, and by throwing pebbles against the window of the room where Mrs. Blazes was attracted her attention.

She opened the windows, and in an almost hysterical voice, begged him to get her out.

"I vill, if you only be quiet," the Count said. "Your husband chust vent in. I saw him ven I come out."

"But what can I do?" she asked.

"Trust me!"

"I did," she sighed, "and lost my hat."

"Yess, und I let you haff my ring, too."

"Bother your old ring!" she answered. "I'll give it back to you. I hate the sight of it!"

"Giff it to me, den," the Count whispered, eagerly.

"I vill," she hesitated, "when I get out of here."

The Count swiftly disappeared from view as the front door opened and Harry and the General came down the steps. The General's arm was across Harry's shoulders.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GUILE OF DRONGO CUCKOO

Protected by Its Resemblance to Pugnacious Shrike, It Lays Its Eggs Where It Pleases.

A striking example of protective coloring in birds has just been added to the collection of the Brooklyn Institute Museum in the form of a drongo shrike and a drongo cuckoo.

The shrike is a bird of pugnacious disposition, especially at the nesting season, when it guards its nest with, for a small bird, great ferocity. Douglas Dewar, from whom this account is taken, says that he has watched a pair of these little birds attack and drive away a monkey which tried to climb into the tree in which their nest was placed. Indeed, so able a fighter is the shrike that some other birds, notably orioles and doves, frequently build their nests in the same tree in order to share the benefit of his prowess.

The drongo cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of such birds as the king crow. These are pugnacious, even ferocious, and without some guile a cuckoo could not accomplish this feat. But the drongo cuckoo is so like the drongo shrike, even having the same odd twist to its tail feathers, that the king crow is deceived by the resemblance and hesitates to give fight to what she takes to be one of the pugnacious shrikes.

Ink Stains.

I accidentally spilled a bottle of ink on a fine lunch cloth, and after using lemons, butter and vinegar could not remove the stain. I then tried peroxide of hydrogen, putting a ten-cent bottle into a pail of cold water, put in the lunch cloth, and let it boil until every trace of the stain was removed. This is a sure way of removing ink stains.—Exchange

Where Evil Came In.

Husband (meditating upon the bonnet bill)—God made woman, but the devil certainly makes the new styles.—Judge.

COLDS BREED CATARRH

Her Terrible Experience Shows How Peruna Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Colds.

Mrs. C. S. Sagerser, 1311 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I feel it a duty to you and to others that may be afflicted like myself, to speak for Peruna."

"My trouble first came after a grippé eight or nine years ago, a gathering in my head and neuralgia. I suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very severely."

"Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold."

"With the exception of some deafness I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old."

"I feel that words are inadequate to express my praise for Peruna."

Mrs. C. S. Sagerser.

MADE CONVERT OF OLD SILAS

Member of School Board May Have Had Deep Thoughts, but Anyway He Was Satisfied.

The athletic young woman who taught the district school was on trial for soundly thrashing seven unruly boys.

"You—you think you can control the situation, do—you?" inquired the president of the school board, who stuttered.

"I can," replied the young woman with considerable decision.

"Well, I don't know about this," grinned Silas Weatherwax. "If my boy needs a lickin' I can give it to him myself. I don't believe in miscellaneous lickin's."

The teacher smiled.

"Neither do I," she said. "If thrashings are to be administered I think it much better for one person to administer them. And after I have cleaned up the school I may decide to go out and clean up the township."

A moment later when a vote of confidence in the teacher was called for, the "aye" of Silas Weatherwax was the loudest of all.

At the Dance.

"Ah say, Miss Mandy, am you' program full?"

"Lordee, no, Mr. Lumley. It takes mo'an a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program."

To Be Pleasant In the Morning

Have some

Post Toasties

with cream for breakfast.

The rest of the day will take care of itself.

Post Toasties are thin bits of White Indian Corn—cooked and toasted until deliciously crisp and appetizing.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



He Awaited the Verdict